

The Weekly Museum.

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Remarkable History of SAN PIETRO, a Corsican General, in the Sixteenth Century.

SAN PIETRO, called also Battelica, from the town of Bastia, the place of his birth, in Corsica, was a celebrated General in the French service, during the reigns of Francis I, Henry II, and Charles IX. He was born, as it were, with an hereditary hatred to the Genoese, then sovereigns of Corsica. From his infancy he bore arms against them, and, by his valour and military skill, became formidable to the republic. His exploits gained him the heart of Vanini Ornano, a very rich and beautiful heiress, the only daughter of the viceroy of Corsica.

Pietro might have lived in tranquillity, protected by this advantageous alliance, had he not supposed that the Genoese never could pardon his offences. Full of this imagination, and of new schemes, he retired into France, with his wife and children. There he served the court very successfully during the civil wars; but still desirous of restoring liberty to his country, he was incessantly endeavouring to disturb the Genoese. He even went to Constantinople to solicit the Turks to send a fleet against them.

During this voyage, the republic, attentive to the proceedings of Pietro, sent their agents to his wife, who was then at Marseilles, to induce her to return to her country, by promising the restoration of her fortune, and giving hopes that her placing this confidence in the state would procure a pardon to her husband. The credulous Vanini was persuaded. She first sent away her furniture and jewels, and then set sail, with her children, for Genoa. A friend of Pietro's, receiving early intelligence of this, armed a ship, pursued the fugitive, brought her back into France, and surrendered her to the parliament of Aix.

Pietro, on his return from Constantinople, was informed of this adventure. One of his domestics, who had not sufficient resolution to oppose it, he stabbed with his own hand. He then went to Aix, and demanded his wife. The parliament was unwilling to trust the lady in his power; but the beautiful Vanini, superior to fear, although expecting some fatal event, earnestly solicited to be restored to her husband. Her request was granted, and they set out together for Marseilles. When Pietro came to his own house, he found it unfinished. This sight roused his fury. Without departing from the respect he had constantly preserved for his wife, because her descent had been greatly superior to his, he reproached her for her misconduct, declared it could be expiated only by death, and commanded two of his slaves to execute this terrible sentence. "I do not shrink from my

fate," cried the heroic Vanini, "but since I must die, I beg, as the last favour, it may not be by the hands of these wretches, but by that of the bravest of men, whose valour first induced me to espouse him."—The barbarian, whom nothing could soften, sent his executioners away, threw himself at the feet of his wife, called her his queen and his mistress, embraced her tenderly, implored her pardon in the most humble terms, and caused their children to be introduced. She embraced them. He wept, with the unfortunate mother, over these melancholy pledges of their affection, put the fatal cord round her neck, and strangled her with his own hands! What a scene would this furnish for the dramatic poet! What sublime and beautiful sentiment for Edmund Burke, were he to undertake the eulogy of the extravagant and romantic spirit of those distracted times, in which cruelty, he might say, as on another occasion, "lost half its horror, by losing half its grossness!"

Pietro set out immediately for the court, where the news of his crime had arrived before him, and he was forbidden to appear.—Notwithstanding this, he presented himself before the King, the detestable Charles the Ninth. He talked of his services, claimed their reward, and exposing his naked bosom, which was full of scars, "what signifies it to the King," said the savage, "what signifies it to France, whether a good or a bad understanding subsisted between Pietro and his wife?"—Every person was shocked at the daring behaviour of this maniac; but, nevertheless, he was pardoned. "The semblance of heroism, which was joined to his guilt," says the author of *L'Esprit de la Ligue*, "easily pleaded his excuse in a court, where the sovereign himself set examples of violence." This murder was committed in 1567, seven years before the reign of Henry III.

ORIGINAL BON MOT.

THE celebrated Dr. P——, in the course of the twelvemonth generally makes an elegant dinner for the brethren of his cloth; and in common none of the learned professions either medical or legal are admitted to this select Party. As no rule exists without an exception, the Dr. upon a certain occasion invited a gentleman of the Bar. He was the only one present. At dinner, an apology was offered for the appearance of a character so foreign to the clerical. A (would be) wit remarked, that the matter was excusable, "*for when the sons of God assembled, the devil came also.*" True retorts Mr. H——, and the same book relates, "*that a certain man fell among thieves.*"

The Mirror, No. 3.

"Our steward, butler, cook and all
"You fright, nay, even the very wall;
"You pry, and frown, and growl, and chide,
"And scarce will lay the rod aside."

"TO whom do you apply these lines? (said Mrs. Snarling, when I read them the other day to a circle of neighbouring women who were visiting at my house) Did you mean to characterize any of the company? You did not mean me surely."—No madam said I; the company are always excepted. And no woman could think of taking them to herself, who studies to be agreeable, and wishes to communicate happiness both at home and abroad. "I dare say (said Mrs. Blackall) that none of you can be at a loss to whom to apply them; for though they will in some measure suit a number of our acquaintance, yet you will agree that they fit Mrs. Growley to a hair. I thought of her in a minute—the very first—as soon as ever I had heard them read. You all know that she is a scold; and I dare say you have all seen her in a passion; for she is seldom in a good humour. And when she is in a passion—then stand clear! Why her very looks are enough to frighten the wall. And when you add to her frightful looks, the doubling of her fist, the flourishing of the broom, the sound of her voice, and the venom of her tongue, no wonder that maids, children and husband, are glad to go out of the way.—Why, if I was to be forever scolding to, my man would not live with me. He would travel off to the Ohio first; or lift and go against the Indians; and you would not blame him neither." "Well but Mrs. Blackall, (said Mrs. Nettlesfield) I don't believe that Mrs. Growley is worse than a hundred others. I know she is bad enough, if all they say is true. But then I believe her husband is to blame as well as she. He don't get her every thing she wants. And I myself have seen him look cross when he has come in from work, and seen not more than a dozen of us enjoying ourselves at the tea table. It is enough to make any woman scold if she can't do as she has a mind to. Fine time, indeed, if we ladies can't pay and receive visits when we please, without husbands interfering. What are our tongues given us for, if we mayn't complain when the men pretend to abridge us of our privileges and pleasures?"—"But ladies, (said Mrs. Manburn) why do you take these lines of a saucy poet to yourselves?—Why are ye so willing to own, that our sex only have a hand in rising the whirlwinds and storms which frighten and blow away the tranquillity and happiness of families?"—

The men are never in a passion; are they?—Never put on their fearful looks?—Never bluster?—Never swear?—Never kick over the chairs?—Never threaten?—I am sure I have heard and seen as much as this and more too."

I know not how long these neighbours of mine would have run on in this strain, and asserted their rights and privileges, and displayed their talents and loquacity in this way, and thereby hurt the feelings, or raised the wonder, or excited the pity or ridicule of all the other ladies, in whose gentle bosoms the softer passions presided, had I not taken down a volume of Knox's Essays, and read to them the 122d number, on the importance of governing the temper. I will quote one or two sentences, for the advantage of my neighbours. "A bad temper embitters every sweet, and converts a paradise into a place of torment. So much of the happiness of a private life, and of families, depends on the government of the temper, that this ought to be the principal object in a well conducted education. Let every method, therefore, be used, which reason, religion, prudence and experience can suggest, to accomplish the purpose of sweetening the temper, and banishing the furies from society. May the endeavours be successful; and may we only read that there have indeed been such animals as shrews and varigos, but that the breed is extinct like the breed of wolves."

AN ECDOTE.

COLONEL FOUQUERT, having entered Cremsitz with six companies of grenadiers, had placed a sentinel on the wall, near the house of a priest, or curate. The good man, finding himself much disturbed by the frequent repetition *Qui va la?* which a centinel pronounced, with a loud voice, every quarter of an hour, resolved to make the soldiers weary of this post, and with this view contrived to mask himself like a devil; accordingly horns, claws, the serpent's tail, cloven feet, and the fork was got ready; and our priest, having equipped himself to his own satisfaction, and like a real devil, began to act his part, by advancing towards the centinel, and, at every step, scratching the wall with the fork. The grenadier began to feel some tremors, but did not leave his post. He kept short, until the devil coming too near, and presenting the three points of his fork, cried out with a hoarse voice, Thou shalt die by my hand; then the soldier got the better of his fears, and boldly cocked his musket. The spectre heard the click of this fatal instrument, and of a sudden losing all confidence in his fork and the whole of his apparatus, recoiled, and wanted to save his honour by a slow retreat. The grenadier, on the contrary, having once made free with this imaginary devil, followed him close, saw him enter the house of the curate, by a little back door. Upon this he called to his assistance some of his companions, who were not a great way off; and they coming readily to his relief, the door was quickly forced open, and Belzebub seized with all his infernal habiliments, before he had time to put them off. As soon as he was taken, he was conducted to the nearest post, whence he was next day transported to the main-guard, and flogged like a poor devil, in the sight of the whole town. The clergy made a great noise about this affair: but the Colonel giving them to understand, that the worthless Levite had, by this impudent masquerade, scandalously abused and insulted the garrison, and consequently all the King's troops, matters were made up in such a manner that the poor curate was shut up in a convent to do penance, and the clergy paid a fine of ninety ducats, of which each company had fifteen, to purchase them black spatterdashies. Every

body thought this adventure diverting, and the soldiers said to one another, that the devil had taken pains to provide them with spatterdashies.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Omnia vincet amor. OVID.

THE God of Love I sleeping found,
With myrtle bands his limbs I bound;
His purple wings I next confin'd,
Then stole his quiver from behind.
His golden bow was ready strung,
Upon its nerve an arrow hung.
The splendid mischief I survey'd,
And to myself exulting said:
"The bow I'll break, and for the darts,
"Thy wound no more unwary hearts."
But woe for me! scarce had I spoke,
Before the God his bondage broke;
And snatching from my hand the bow,
Indignant cry'd, "rash mortal! know,
"Thou' these were broke, Orlando's eyes
"Ten thousand sparkling shafts supplies.
"Thy tongue profane in evil hour,
"Has ridicul'd my sov'reign power,
"And jested at that potent sway,
"Which even Gods themselves obey.
"Nor Jove himself my force can find,
"I fire his breast, and rule his mind."
He twang'd his bow—the dart he threw,
Then laughing to Olympus flew,
While I thro' all my fainting frame,
Felt the keen arrow "tip'd with flame."
January 24. JULIA

THE breeze no more the blue wave curl'd,—
The helm was lath'd—the sails were furl'd;
Loud mirth resounded 'mongst the crew,—
The song, the jest, spontaneous flew:
Yes, all were glad, save only one,
Who to the pale moon pour'd his moan;
Sighs sad and deep his full heart mov'd,
For pensive Edward hopeless lov'd.
The proud Louisa's matchless form,
Did Edward's youthful bosom warm;
In vain he cry'd, "I strove to move,
"And melt her frozen heart to love;
"She heard my sighs—she saw my pain,
"My passion only rais'd disdain;
"Some richer youth her heart may gain,
"While Edward hopeless ploughs the main.

"Yet from her charms I vainly fly,
"I feel the lightning of her eye;
"I see her smile, O misery!
"Yet know she never smil'd on me;
"Warm in my heart her image reigns,
"She flows impetuous thro' my veins,
"Still o'er her charms will fancy rove,
"And I, tho' void of hope, must love.
"Thou star of eve whose lucid beams,
"O'er ocean's glassy bosom streams;
"O if thy bright, thy silver ray,
"Doth near my cruel charmer play,
"Tell her what pangs my soul sustains,
"Tell her I'm seeking Greenland's plains:
"Her icy caves her snows to prove,
"And quench the flame of hopeless love."
January 24. JULIA

A Hibernian, by the name of Herring, being very sick, and his affairs in a deranged situation, expressed much concern to one of his brother countrymen, how his children would be provided for. "Hah!" said the other, "take comfort, dear brother; be that provideth for the young Ravens, when they cry, will undoubtedly take good care of the young Herrings."

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

To the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

FRRIEND Streph, come don't be in a passion;
Don't fret and rave and run so rash on;
Swear not; leave off such dirty speeches,
Come, YOUNGER, come, put up your *****
The wounded dog will sure complain,
And growl and bark to tell his pain;
But men of sense will ne'er be flinching,
Because 'twould show the ~~foe~~ was pinching.
Besides, those lines that you abuse,
Were sent in love, to wake your muse;
For surely she was in a doze;
Else whence that sleepy, rhiming-prose?
You ask me, Strephon, "why the duce
Your rhyme is peck'd at by a goose?"
The goose will tell you,—understand her,
"Because 'twas written by a gander."
To poetry I've no pretention;
For poetry requires invention.
The rules to rhyme, perhaps I've got;
But even those I'm sure you've not.
Then let us both like decent fowls,
Abandon ~~boasting~~ to the owls.
But should this rhiming itch still plague you,
And hang on like the fever'd-ague,
Break out again in wind and vapour,
And blotch and scab the weekly paper;
Should you again grasp quill in fang,
Like club in paw of 'Rang-Ou Tang,
And splash about in dirt and mire,
To show your wit, and cool your ire;
Or should you choose the softer pen,
To write your tho'ts bro't forth at ten—
Should you resume that noble strain,
And write ~~so-lacing~~ tho'ts again
In eight and nine-legg'd verse,—or any,
Perhaps you'll hear again from
February 1. JENNY.

JENNY presents her compliments to the Friend who so kindly took up the cudgel for poor Strephon, in the last Museum, and requests he will be so kind as to take a dictionary and turn to the word PLAGIARISM; the definition of which will convince him of the ridiculous figure he makes in the eye of the public.

For the WEEKLY MUSEUM.

Addressed to Miss F—B—, J. Street.

LET beauties of beauty be vain,
While poets their graces record;
And let them in high sounding strain,
The merits of beauty award.
Tho' sweet F***** for beauty is fam'd,
Enrich'd with each heart winning grace,
Her beauty should never be nam'd;
If her soul did not equal her face.
Fair model! perfection is thine;
May pleasure enliven thy days;
And still the dear office be mine,
To see, to admire, and to praise.

COLLIN.

AN ECDOTE.

AMONG a number of persons who were amusing themselves with skating, on the Fresh-Water Pond adjacent this city, was a sailor, who not being as well accustomed to sailing on skates as on ship board, unfortunately going too near the wind, broach'd too, and was turned keel up, with a dreadful fall, which so exasperated honest Jack that he wrapt out in the following manner:—"Blast your eyes, but the Dog-days will sweat you up for that!"

New-York, February 2.

Captain Every, of the ship Henry, who arrived at Baltimore on the 17th ult. from Liverpool, which place he left the 1st of December, informs that the PORTS were OPENED the 15th of November, for the admission of WHEAT and FLOUR, and would continue so till the ensuing May.

The following unfortunate event took place a few days ago, near Middletown in Monmouth county, New-Jersey. A young man from New-York, named Adams, went late in the evening, with a companion, to a house where lived a girl to whom he paid his addresses. Finding the family asleep, they agreed to disturb the poultry house by way of giving a jocular alarm to the owner. Mr. Morrel, who was in bed in the dwelling house, upon hearing the noise, got up, and suspecting thieves, instantly discharged a musket, loaded with heavy shot, towards the poultry house, and unfortunately shot Adams through the heart, who instantly expired. What rendered this accident still more affecting was Adams being a suitor of Mr. Morrel's wife's sister.

Extract of a letter from a sea-faring man, dated Albreda, river of Gambia, June 22, 1792.

"Would you believe it, Sir, that all this part of Africa from the river Senegal unto this place, has undergone in the same month with France, a revolution; the different Kings who inhabited it, are no longer Kings."

General Dumourier's letter, dated at Brussels, November 14, to the Convention, was read in that Assembly, on the 16th. It will appear at full length in our next. He had a battle of six hours, against equal force; many fell, but he gloriously conquered, and entered Brussels triumphant—and no sooner had he arrived, than 1,500 deserters came over to him—We would finish, says Dumourier, the destruction of the Autrichienne army!

General Valence has taken Charleroy.

A letter from General Labourdonnaye announced, that he expected to take possession of Antwerp (or Antwerp) the next day—Cockades increase daily here—they had filed off from the citadel in numbers, expecting an attack; some of the baggage is taken, the Gen. has sent forward a battalion to occupy Bruges and Ostend—and adds, that by this means the army of the north will be in possession of all the maritime ports of autrichienne Flanders.

They write to the convention from the eastern coast of France, that an army of 30,000 men will be ready to march by Dec. 1; they are in different corps from Perpignan to Toulon. The people are ready on that coast, and a descent by the Spaniards would be laughed at—were it permitted, the ardour of the people is such, that they would not only enter Catalogne (Spain) but penetrate triumphantly to Madrid!

The Hessians have retreated to the other side of Marbourg, passing by Hernburg—the Prussians are neither at Weilbourg, nor Weslar, says Gen. Cossine.

The Mail from the Southward due at Philadelphia, on the 29th ult. was robbed soon after it left Baltimore.

Capt Robert Lusk of the ship Elizabeth, belonging to Greenock in Scotland, arrived at Philadelphia, on Monday evening, from Salo, in Spain, which place he left the 1st day of December, he informs that the Spaniards were in great consternation upon hearing that the combined armies were forced to retreat, that they were collecting all the troops from their interior garrisons, in order to fortify their frontier on the part of France.

During the late bombardment of Lille, one stratagem used by the garrison, was dreadfully effective. Being informed that whenever the town was completely on fire, an attempt would be made upon one of the gates, they raised by combustibles, a great flame on one side. The enemy advanced and were suffered to get within a quarter of a mile of the works when fifty cannon loaded with grape shot, were discharged at them, and that fire was enough. The regiment of Clairfait returned with only four men out of a whole battalion and the next day 50 waggon loads of wounded arrived at the hospital.

Knoxville, (South of the Ohio) Dec. 29.—On Saturday the 22d inst. a party of Indians went to the house of Mr. Richardson, in Jefferson county on Little Pigeon, 25 miles from this place, and killed Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Foster, Mills Schull and two children, with their tomahawks and a war-club, the latter of which they left in the house; robbed the house and went off. It appears that they had laid in wait upon a hill which overlooked Richardson's door many hours, and took the opportunity of his absence, of only half an hour, to massacre his family.

On the next day, Sunday, John Barkim, in the same neighbourhood, in search of his horses, saw two Indians attempting to catch them, on which he fired upon one, who dropped his arms, but it is feared he did not kill him.

We learn that a Mrs. Crockett and eight children were lately killed on the frontiers of Georgia, by the Cherokees; but are unable to give the particulars of the transaction.

Capt. Henly, who was supposed to be killed at the time his party was attacked and defeated on the Cumberland path, is now a prisoner at Will's Town, in the Cherokee nation.

DIED

On the 30th of December last, in the town of Brookfield, (Mass.) SARAH NOBLE, in the 102d year of her age. She was descended from the family of Drake, in East Chester, state of New-York. She remembered the time when the first sermon was delivered in East Chester by an episcopal clergyman; who is supposed to have been the first missionary of that order in the state of New-York. She was able to recollect when knives and forks were first used in the city of New-York. She was the first person who brought tea-cups, tea, and potatoes into the town of New-Milford. She remembered the rise and progress of those wars in which a great part of Europe was involved, under the reign of Queen Anne.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrivals at this Port.

Packet Suffrein, Orlet,	L'Orient
Ship Peter, Husley,	London
Jenny, Schermerhorn,	Savannah
Atlanta, Dillon,	London
Brig Mary, Sallock,	Halifax
Providence, Gilchrist,	Cadiz
Catherine, Tier,	Dublin
Schooner Chatham, Seabury,	Halifax
Sloop New-York and Philadelphia Packet, Bird,	Philadelphia

On Monday last arrived in this port, the brig Providence, Capt. Gilchrist, from Cadiz, which place he left on the 14th Dec. The Capt. informs that they had heard, at Cadiz, of the successes of the French patriots—that Cadiz was fortifying in the strongest manner possible—that 28 Spanish ships of the line were arming with the utmost expedition, but for what purpose was not known—and, that the inveteracy of the Spaniards against the French was more apparent, if possible, than ever.

JUST PUBLISHED,

And sold by the Printer hereof,
The SYREN; or, MUSICAL BOQUET.
a new selection of favourite SONGS, sung at the various places of Amusement in Great Britain, Ireland and America.

T H E A T R E.

BY THE OLD AMERICAN COMPANY.
ON MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 4,
Will be presented, A COMIC OPERA, called,
LOVE in a VILLAGE.

To which will be added, a FARCE, called,
CATHARINE and PETRUCHIO;
Or, The Taming of a Shrew.

Places in the Boxes may be had of Mr. Faulkner, at the Box-Office from 10 to 12 A M and on the days of performance, from 3 to 5, P M, where also Tickets may be had, and at Mr. Gain's Book Store, at the Bible, in Hanover-square.

The doors will be opened at a quarter of an hour after 5, and the curtain drawn up precisely at a quarter after 6.

Box 83. Pit 6 Gallery 4s.

VIVAT REPUBLICA.

ENGLISH CHEESE.

A Small quantity of ENGLISH, with the largest assortment of AMERICAN CHEESE, ever offered for sale in this city.

For sale by
BLOODGOOD and HITCHCOCK,
No 65, Water-street, 1 door East of Beekman-slip.

Who have likewise
LONDON BOTTLED PORTER—SALT PETRE'D
HAMS,

Malaga raisins in casks jars and boxes, Turkey figs, Prunes, anchovies, olives, capers, ketchup, &c. &c. with a general assortment of GROCERIES.

A few boxes GENUINE QUEBEC ESSENCE OF SPRUCE.

SEA STORES put up at the shortest notice, and the best manner.

New-York, February 2, 1793.

To Be Let from the first of May next,
Two Rooms,

Very pleasantly situated, with Conveniences suitable for a small family. Enquire of the Printer.

CHEMICAL FIRE,

PUT up in small oval pocket cases, very useful for those who travel by land or water, and very necessary in cases of sudden indisposition or alarm; a light is procured in an instant, by applying a common match. No family ought to be without them. Sold wholesale and retail, by

WILLIAM V. WAGENEN.

No. 43, corner of Queen-street and Beekman-slip. Who has also for sale, a large assortment of Ironmongery, Cutlery, &c.

Which he will dispose of on the lowest terms for CASH.

N. B. Country traders and others, ordering goods from this store, may depend upon being served with fidelity and dispatch.

An Apprentice Wanted,

TO a Genteel Business, from 14 to 16 years of age, of reputable connexions and of a good disposition, for further particulars enquire of the printer.

Court of Apollo.

THREE WEEKS AFTER MARRIAGE.

A Favourite Song.

WILLY after courting long,
Marry'd me on Sunday;
All that day I held my tongue,
But scolded him on Monday:
Tuesday I grew dull and sad,
Wednesday pass'd in scorning;
Thursday drove me nearly mad—
But Friday, what a morning!
Till at length that balm of life—
Money!—brought a better day;
So we lov'd like man and wife,
Kissing fond on Sunday.

Willy next began the week,
Tippling all the Sunday;
Therefore I, provok'd to speak,
Scolded him on Monday:
Tuesday call'd him drunken sot,
Wednesday lubber lazy;
Thursday having mended not,
Friday set me crazy:
Tho' I hop'd the fool would think
Wiser on the latter day,
Not a sou, for grub or drink,
Barnt he on the Saturday.
Bent at last to change my plan,
Every future Sunday,
For 'twas plain I first began
Wrong upon the Monday:
Tuesday then I calmer seem'd,
Wednesday more indulgent;
Thursday peace and comfort beam'd,
Friday none refulgent;
Chasing thus corroding strife,
Every day's a better day:
Joy and pleasure chearing life,
From Saturday to Saturday.

Miss MARSCHALK, Milliner,

No. 3, WILLIAM STREET,
Has receive per the Montgomery, Capt. Bunyan,
From LONDON,
An ELEGANT and NEW-FASHIONED ASSORT-
MENT OF MILLINERY, VIZ.

CAPS, hats and bonnets,
Emboss'd dresses and trimmings,
Do. York sashes,
White and coloured tringes,
Embroidered silk handkerchiefs,
Fringed do. do.
White and coloured tiffany do.
Elegant feathers and flowers,
Necklaces, ear-rings and beads for trimmings,
Ladies and gentlemen's watch-chains and trinkets,
Ladies and girl's beaver and donstable hats,
White & fancy figured, & vellum satins & modes,
Do. do. do. ribbons,
Elegant tamboored pocket books and wallers,
Morocco pocket books, thread cases and purses,
Ladies and girls Morocco sandals and slippers,
Do. do. elastic slips,

—LIKEWISE—

An elegant assortment of FRENCH MILLINERY.
All orders in the MILLINERY LINE,
thankfully received and executed with neatness
and dispatch. 46—tf

WANTED, two young girls to learn the
flay making business; for particulars ap-
ply at No. 37, Broad-Way. tf

The Moralist.

Inconsiderateness is the cause of the most faults
that are committed in the commerce of the
world.

BECAUSE an inconsiderate man is a man with-
out attention, that is to say, a man who
wants what is absolutely necessary to him for the
conduct of his life. An inconsiderate man is chiefly
known by his discourse: he speaks without con-
sidering what he says, and without penetrating into
the consequences of it. Therefore when he recollects
himself after a conversation, he is ashamed of all
the rash and improper things he has said, for want
of attention. Old men, who are commonly more at-
tentive will often rake into their youth, and remem-
ber those things with sorrow. The more a man is
attentive, the less inconsiderate he will be.

JEREMIAH HALLETT & Co.

No. 52, Water-Street, two doors West of Burling-
Slip.

Have received by the late arrivals, an assortment
of IRONMONGERY, which they will sell upon
reasonable terms for CASH or short credit.

AMONG WHICH ARE

BEST hoop L. blistered Steel, T. Crowly, No.
3, and A. C. jagged do. sheet Iron, tin Plates,
Shovels and Spades, Frying Pans, Smiths Anvils,
Vices, Beck Irons, Hammers, Sledges, and Bellows
Pipes, brass Kettles, copper and brass Warming
Pans, iron Pots and Kettles, brass and iron head
Shovel and Tongs, iron Tea Kettles, a variety of coat
and vest buttons, plated & common Shoe and Kneebuc-
kles, black do. iron and japanned Candlesticks, Shoe
and Kneebuckles, door and other Locks, various
kinds of Hinges, Drawing Knives, Chisels, Gouges,
Plane Irons, Kurves and Forks, and other Cut-
lery, stamped and common white chapple Needles,
large Pumice Stone, Allum, Copers, Sad Irons,
Files and Rasps, Black Lead Pots, Steelyards,
Scale Beams, Carpenters and Shoe Makers Tools,
with a variety of other articles of Hard Ware.
Also, Elegant Tea Trays and Waiters; likewise for
sale at same place, an assortment of DRY GOODS,
wholesale and retail. 32 tf

BREAD KEGS.

BREAD KEGS of different sizes, made and
sold at No. 13, Crownstreet, where Ba-
kers, Grocers and others, may be supplied at a
short Notice, and on reasonable terms for Cash.

WILLIAM CARGILL.

January 12, 1793.

PURSUANT of an order of the honorable
John Slofs Hobart, Esq. one of the justices of
the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of
New-York, upon the petition of Edmund Wash-
burn, an insolvent debtor, in conjunction with so
many of his creditors who have debts owing to
them by the said Edmund Washburn, amounting
to at least three fourth or all the monies owing by
him: All the creditors of the said Edmund Wash-
burn are hereby required to shew cause, if any
they have, on the 7th day of March next, before
the said judge, at his chambers in Crown Street,
in the city of New-York, why an assignment of
the said insolvent's estate should not be made, and
the said insolvent discharged, according to an act
of the Legislature of the said state, entitled, "an
act for giving relief in cases of insolvency;" pas-
sed the 21st day of March, 1788. Dated this
17th day of January 1793.

EDMUND WASHBURN.

George Liadray, one of the petitioning creditor.

BLACK LEAD POTS,

Equal to any imported and cheaper.

BACK LEAD, both coarse and fine, for the
purpose of blackening Franklin Stoves, and
irons with brass heads, Plains of various sorts
good Glue, Brands, of copper or cast iron, of
any description, Screw Augers, Pots, Kettles,
Griddles, Pye Pans, iron Tea Kettles, wool and
cotton Cards, &c.—Also, a general assortment of
IRONMONGERY, CUTLERY, &c.

Latently imported, and will be disposed of on rea-
sonable terms, by

GARRET H. VAN WAGENEN,
No. 2, Beekman-Slip.
N. B. Genuine Haerlem Oil.

TO BE SOLD,



Convenient Dwelling House,
the upper end of Murray-Street
—containing 23 feet front,
and 29 feet deep, with a good,
back building, 19 feet by 15.
—Very well situated for a
Tavern Keeper or Baker—

The House is on a lease lot of ground for twenty
years from May next.—For terms of sale and o-
ther particulars, enquire of the subscriber on the
premises.

JOHN OGILVIE.

January 12, 1793.

S. L O Y D,

STAY, MANTUA-MAKER and MILLINER,

BEGS leave to inform her friends and the public
in general, that she carries on the above bu-
siness in all its branches, at No. 21, Great-Deck
Street.—She returns her most grateful acknow-
legments to her friends and the public for past fa-
vours and hopes to merit a continuance of them.

Those ladies who please to favour her with their
commands, may depend on the utmost exertions to
give satisfaction, and the lowest terms.

Order from town or country punctually obeyed.
January 2, 1792. 93 1y.

TO THE CURIOUS.

WILL be exhibited for an evening's enter-
tainment, at the corner of Beekman and
Gold-Street, that most pleasing and extraordinary
phenomenon of art,

THE WAX SPEAKING FIGURE.

which is suspended by a ribbon in the centre of a
beautiful Temple, elegantly decorated, and is
calculated to please and surprise, by returning
pertinent and agreeable answers to any questions
proposed to it, whether spoken in a low whisper or
in an audible voice. It will also ask questions
which are always consistent with decency and pro-
priety. The beholder may truly exclaim with the
emphatic Poet of nature, as though he had this
very figure in his mind's eye.

"It, tho' inanimate, can hold discourse,

"And with the powers of reason seems inspir'd."

In the same room is to be seen, other wax figures,
a brilliant diamond Beetle, a small Paradox, and
Alarm against House-Breaking and Fire.—Ad-
mittance to Ladies and Gentlemen at 2/each, and
Children 1/each, from 7 until 10 o'clock every
evening (Sundays excepted.) 18tf

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In General, executed at this Office with neatness
accuracy and dispatch, on terms as reasonable
as any in this City.